

*Prince.* Come hither *Francis.*

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince.* Five yeares; berlady along lease for the chincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou *Francis?*

*Francis.* Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prince.* Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas but a penny worth, wast not?

*Francis.* O Lord, I would it had beene two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anon, anone.

*Prince.* Anon *Francis?* No *Francis* but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on thurseday; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agar ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prince.* Why then your Browne bastarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doubles will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Francis.* What sir;

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

*Vint.* What, standst thou still, looke to the Ghestes within. My

a dozen more, are at the dore, shall

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile.

*Poines.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prin.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the re doore, shall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merry as Crickets, m cunning match haue you made v come, what's the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of al humors, t humors, since the old daies of ge age of this present Twelue a clo clocke *Francis?*

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prin.* That euer this fellow sh a Parret, & yet the son of a Wom and downe staires, his eloquence am not yet of *Perceys* mind, the A kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of S hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes in to day? Giue my Roan horse a dr some fourteene, an hour after: a tr *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and tha Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, sai call in Tallow.

Enter *Falstaffe*.

*Poines.* Welcome *Iacke*, where

*Falf.* A plague of all cowards I marry & Amen: giue me a cup o life long, Ile sow neather stocks, too. A plague of all cowards; Giu there no vertue extant?

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see *Tita* full hearted *Titan* that melted at t thou didst, then behold that com

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